To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one: *Enter* Cas.
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the excesse of laughter: here he comes:
As he shall smile *Othello* shall goe mad,
And his vnbookish iealousie must conster
Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leiutenant?

Cas. The worser that you giue me the addition,
Whose want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly should you speed.

Cas. Alas poore catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man so.

Cas. Alas poore rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Cassio?*

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on;
Goe to, well saide.

Iag She giues it out that you shall marry her,
Doe you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?

Cas. I marry her? what? a Customer;
I prethee beare some charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it so vnwholesome: ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so, they laugh that wins.

Iag. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prethee say true.

Iag. I am a very villaine else.

Oth. Ha you scoar'd me? well.

Cas. This is the monkies own giuing out; she is perswaded I will marry her, out of her own loue and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the story.

Cas. She was heere euen now, she haunts me in euery place, I was tother day talking on the sea banke with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, falls me thus about my necke.

Oth.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Cassio*, as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and iolls, and weepes vpon me; so hales, and p
me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber;
I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

Cas. Well, I must leaue her company: *Enter* Bianca.
Before me, looke where she comes.
Tis such another Fitchew; marry a perfum'd one: What doe yo
meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the deuill and his dam haunt you: what did you meane
by that same handkerchiefe you gaue mee euen now? I was a fin
foole to take it; I must take out the worke, a likely peece of worke
that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left i
there: this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke
there giue it the hobby horse; wheresoeuer you had it, Ile take out no
worke on't.

Cas. How now my sweet *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that should be my handkerchiefe.

Bia. An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will not,
come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, shee'l raile i'the street else.

Iag. You sup there.

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iag. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very faine speake
with you.

Cas. Prethe come, will you?

Iag. Goe to, say no more. *Exit* Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him *Iago?*

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O *Iaga.*

Iag And did you see the handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?
I would haue him nine yeres a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman,
a sweet woman.

Iag. Nay, you must forget that

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for shee
shall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to a stone; I strike it, and it hurts